



While Coercion and Justice rules our British Isle

W. D. P. Engraver



While Coercion and Justice rules our British Isle

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Elizabeth G. A.

BANQUET of the MUSES:

OR, THE

Theatre

Miscellany of Miscellanies.

BEING A

COLLECTION

OF

Choice and Entertaining Subjects in Verse
and Prose, by the most eminent Authors.

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The Broken Mug, an Elegy.
The Kiss, &c.
The Old Cheese.
Caleb and Tabitha.
Epitaph on a Careless Couple.
Winter, a Poem.
Free-thinker converted.
The Two Rakes.
The Tea Table.
The English Padlock.
The Generous Turk.
The Female Volunteer.

The Penitent Rake.
The Skillet.
On Providence.
The City Wedding.
Story of Inkle and Yarico.
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Corydon and Phillis.
Baucis and Philomon.
The Artful Wife.
A Pastoral Farce.
Fables, Epigrams, &c.

Adorn'd with a Variety of Cuts.

L O N D O N:

Printed for Jacob Bickerstaff, and sold by the
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PASTORELLA,

A DESCRIPTION of the SEASONS.

S P R I N G.

A SPIRING *Phæbus*, who alone can
warm
The chilly breast, and teach the Muse to
charm,
Assist my theme with thy inspiring ray,
While I begin the sweet enchanting lay;
In rural verse attempting to declare
The varying seasons of the rolling year.

Now lovely *Spring* assumes her early sway,
And hills and dales the vernal call obey;
The purling brooks, by hoary winter bound,
Declare their freedom in a murm'ring sound:
The fields, which lately wore a sickly green,
Are in their brightest, *livel' est* verdure seen;
Aspiring tulips rear their sprightly heads,
And violets glitter on their leafy beds:
All nature feels the sun's enliv'ning ray,
And birds rejoice on every blooming spray;

B

Th'

Th' industr'ous farmer early quits his bed,
 Well pleas'd to find old hoary Winter fled :
 Rouses from sleep his long unactive swains,
 To early labour on the neighb'ring plains ;
 Who strait appear, with gay and healthy mien,
 Their scrip well fill'd, they whistle o'er the green :
 With lusty steeds to ply the loosen'd plough,
 Which long lay useless, cover'd o'er with snow.
 The curious Master o'er the level strides,
 With measur'd steps the fallow ground divides ;
 Then dextrous, with his pointed Staff, proceeds
 From the clog'd share to push obstructing weeds :
 With careful eye the winding combe surveys,
 Plies his broad foot, till all compleatly lays
 Like finish'd work, beneath the artist's hand,
 The shining plough-share brightens all the land.
 The seed's-man next advancing o'er the plain,
 With lib'ral hand displays th' appointed grain ;
 Nor far behind the pointed harrows come,
 With harsher sound, and shuts the teeming womb.

The lab'rer done, he leaves to bounteous heaven,
 Who has a time to every purpose given,
 With soft'ning dews, and gentle show'rs of rain,
 The earth to cherish, and to swell the grain ;
 Which quickly shall in brighter glory rise,
 To bless the lab'ers toil, a grateful prize.

The gladden'd farmer once again surveys
 His fruitful fields, and wheresoe'er he strays
 Unbounded Nature charms his ravish'd sight,
 From diff'rent closures diff'rent scenes delight :
 Here lowing cows, there fat'ning oxen pass,
 And wanton fillies roll in clover grass :
 There blading corn o'erspreads the fruitful ground,
 And flow'ry meads diffuse their sweets around.

On

On mossy banks, beneath a quiv'ring shade,
 The watchful shepherd tunes his oaten reed ;
 Brisk lads and lasses all the ev'ning long
 Tell pleasant tales, and sing a merry song :
 Or, join'd together in a jovial train,
 They dance and play upon the flow'ry plain.

But now, my muse, in softer strains remove,
 Thro' fragrant vales, and seek the vocal grove,
 Where feather'd troops, a gay unnumber'd throng,
 Harmonious join in one continued song :
 Sing how their love's in soothing strains exprest
 Their haunts, and how each forms her artful nest.

When first the soul of love begins to warm,
 Each little heart enliven'd feels the charm,
 Plume the gay wing, eager to try again,
 With chearful note, the long-forgotten strain.
 The soaring lark from the green meadow springs,
 Pois'd in mid-air his early carol sings ;
 The tuneful nation from the grove within
 Observe his call, their chearful songs begin.
 The black-bird whistles from the thorny bush,
 And from the maple top the warbling thrush ;
 The wood-lark o'er the wide contending throng,
 Superior heard, with its melodious song.
 The finch and linnets strain their little throats,
 And fill the grove with their harmonious notes ;
 While th' elegiac nightingale prepares
 Her mellow song, and sinks in solemn airs,
 Nor quits so soon her much delighted rest :
 While others slumber on their peaceful nest,
 She still prolongs the sweet enchanting lay,
 And makes the night melodious as the day.
 The rook, the daw, and hollow cuckoo's song,
 With their harsh pipes discordant join along.

'Tis love creates this melody, and love
 This waste of music thro' the ecchoing grove.
 To birds and beasts, as well as nobler man,
 Unerring nature never works in vain,
 But teaches them the pleasing soothing art,
 Each to his mate his passion to impart.

Agreed and coupled, to the woods or meads,
 They take their flight just where their fancy leads ;
 Each loving pair to diff'rent parts remove ;
 Some to the thicket, some the shady grove ;
 Some the clift tree with twisting ivy hung,
 Seek a protection for their feeble young.
 Others remote, far in the grassy meads,
 Or distant hedge-rows, shelter'd round with weeds ;
 Some in the bank, where winding rivers stray,
 Whose murmur sooths them all the live long day.

Their station fixt, away they eager fly,
 What restless motions through the busy sky :
 With twigs of trees, dry leaves, and moss and lome,
 Lay the foundation of each slender dome :
 Awhile the fabrick seems but slight and thin,
 Till with much labour made complete within.
 A thousand busy wings again arise,
 This steals a feather, and away she flies ;
 And that a straw, while others boldly dare
 From the sheep's back to pluck the growing hair :
 Thus, by degrees, with wool and hair entwin'd,
 The wond'rous structure grows compleatly lin'd ;
 Within, without, quite finish'd, dry and warm ;
 No human artist can the like perform.

In pleas'd embrace now each lov'd couple meets,
 Till the fair dam her tale of eggs compleats,
 Who

Who then as chearful to her task submits,
 With steady patience thus assiduous sits;
 Unmov'd by hunger, or by smooth delight,
 Nor ruffling winds, nor tempests her affright;
 While ceaseless warbling from some distant spray,
 Her lover sooths the tedious hours away.

The appointed time fulfill'd, with pious care,
 Warm'd into life the callow young appear;
 Their bondage broke, the little helpless brood
 With constant clamour gape, demanding food;
 What passions then, of joy and pious care
 Seize the glad parents, who affection bare
 To their lov'd young, the most delicious bait,
 With equal pains their cravings chearful wait.
 Thus have I known a poor but gentle pair,
 By fortune sunk, and overwhelm'd with care;
 Oft, as for food their craving infants call,
 Check their own appetites, and give them all.

O! may the care of providence defend
 The pretty warblers from the school-boy's hand,
 Or prying clowns, whose barbarous design,
 From boundless air, and liberty, confine
 The pretty slaves, destin'd to narrow cage,
 Their plumage dull, and dull their warbling rage.
 Alas! what shocks the astonish'd parents feel,
 When back returning with their loaden bill,
 By some rude hand their gaping young ones wrest,
 And find (if any) but a vacant nest.

Quick to the ground the vain provision goes,
 Their ruff'd pinions their sad grief disclose,
 And the grove ecchoes to their winding woes.
 But, if propitious to their happier fate,
 Indulgent heaven gives a longer date,

}

The feather'd young their narrow bounds despise,
 And seek the free possession of the skies ;
 On some warm ev'nnings sunny glade they rove,
 Where balmy zephyrs fan the waving grove ;
 The flutt'ring tribe with yellow lustre bright,
 Look round the space, and fix their wings for flight ;
 From bough to bough the little wantons fly,
 But resolution fails the void to try :
 Th' instructive parents both entice and chide,
 Then hop before them, as a proper guide,
 Further and further, till they boldly dare,
 The self-taught wing, and trust the fleeting air ;
 The acquitted parents joy to see them soar,
 Take their last look, and never see them more.
 The link dissolves, each seeks a fresh embrace,
 Another love succeeds, another race.

While thus the gentle tenants of the grove,
 In sweet recess indulge their purer love,
 The rougher world, the brutal beasts below,
 Rush furious, and with fiercer passions glow.
 The lusty bull, and the hot trembling steed,
 Pursue their loves with unresisted speed :
 While numbers more, obscure from common eye,
 Feel the warm god, and plunge into the joy.

These, nature's laws, th' Almighty Hand has
 giv'n,
 That each may fill the circle made by heav'n.



S U M M E R.

10







S U M M E R.

T H' advancing *Summer* now demands my lay,
 She comes, fair goddess, deck'd in bright array;
 The rich carnation, and the damask rose,
 The spicy pink, with numbers more, compose
 The fragrant wreath that binds her radiant head;
 Where all around their spangled glories spread:
 Ten thousand balmy sweets luxuriant rise,
 Feast ev'ry sense, and charm the ravish'd eyes.

O haste, my muse, to some inviting glade,
 Where spreading elms compose a friendly shade,
 Where murmuring rivers gently glide along,
 There, undisturb'd, enjoy thy rural song.

Hail glorious *Season*! happy *Britons*, view
 What copious stores your God bestows on you;
 While other swains in distant climates roam,
 O'er barren fields, distress'd of food and home.
 Prone o'er the east, the god of day behold,
 Rejoicing comes, illum'd with streams of gold;
 The clouds disperse, all nature smiles around,
 And mountain tops are with green herbage crown'd.

Now scorching *Sol* his sultry influence spreads,
 And wither'd flow'rs decline their languid heads;
 The brooks glide slowly, and the ripen'd grass
 Demand th' assistance of each lad and lass.
 Industrious swains their crooked weapons wield,
 Of her rich vest prepar'd to strip the field,

Stroke

Stroke after stroke they eagerly proceed,
 'Till all in winding swaths we view the mead ;
 And while around the scorching sun-beams play,
 Forth comes a throng to make the parching hay ;
 Close, and more close, they gather it as it dries,
 'Till all in pleasing rows the cocks arise :
 The nymphs and swains now skip and frolick round,
 And whistling carters clear th' incumber'd ground.

The meads dismantled of their gaudy dyes,
 The fertile garden next attracts our eyes ;
 Where, all around, plenty luxuriant grows,
 Here sprouting coleworts spread in equal rows ;
 There 'sparagus shoot hasty from their beds,
 And colliflowers disclose their snowy heads.

On leafy vines the green cucumber swells,
 And ruddy melons glow beneath their bells.
 On laden stalks uprears the downy bean,
 And just below the creeping peas are seen ;
 While some more worthy on th' assisting pole,
 Shoot up aloft, and overtop the whole :
 The curious bees around the garden roam,
 Extracting sweets from ev'ry opening bloom.
 Their laden thighs w' th' golden treasure swells,
 Who thus convey it to their waxen cells.

But see at eve, while the industri'ous swarm
 Dispose their wealthy stores, not dreaming harm,
 Hard-hearted man the sulph'rous death contrive,
 Fix'd o'er the clod, behold the vapour'd hive ;
 While sudden up th' oppressive steams arise,
 And robb'd, and murder'd, lies a thousand lives.

So sordid misers oft procure their fate,
 Whose touchless treasures prove th' alluring bait.

Here locust-bands o'er all green herbage rove,
 And thousands of minuter armies move,

The

The Grass-hopper, more blest than sons of kings,
 There sipping dew, he chearful sips and sings.
 His early carols joyful mortals hear,
 The faithful prophet of the rip'ning year.
 While thousands of minuter armies move,
 And locust bands o'er all green herbage rove,
 Disrobe each spreading plant, 'till sick and cloy'd,
 Destroying all, at last themselves destroy'd.

Now glowing *Phæbus*, glitt'ring god of day,
 Darts o'er the teaming earth his scorching ray,
 Fermenting fruits his rip'ning beams refine,
 Which on the laden boughs alluring shine :
 Here blushing trees with crimson cherries glow,
 And there the swelling codlin loads the bough;
 While up aloft, tempting the gazer's view,
 The Catharine pears their painted blushes shew.
 Hot *Julius* now advances o'er the plain,
 And rip'ning *August* bears her spangled train :
 In her right-hand the golden Wheat is held,
 T'other a plate with blushing Plenty fill'd.
 The *Dog-star* too begins to mount on high,
 With sultry breath infects the southern sky,
 To cooling streams the panting herds retreat,
 There try to shun the noon-day's scorching heat;
 The fainting nymphs frequent the cooling floods,
 And swelter'd swains retire to shady woods ;
 Where leafy bowers exclude the melting day,
 And balmy breezes all around 'em play ;
 Where bub'ling brooks flow murmur as they glide,
 And warbling birds are heard on ev'ry side.
 But see from 'far the varied scene arise,
 Unusual darkness broods the low'ry skies,
 In awful gloom uniting clouds declare,
 The boiling tempest and the wat'ry war.

Now sighing winds in gentle murmurs rouze,
 Curl the green wave, and rustle thro' the boughs :
 The gazing herds awhile refrain their food,
 And croaking ravens seek the shelt'ring wood ;
 The silent birds their tuneful songs deny,
 And trembling swains to rocky caverns fly :
 Near, and more near, the hov'ring storm impends,
 Now rattling hail and pouring rain descends ;
 Loud thunder roars, the winds tempestuous fly,
 And forked lightning gleams along the sky :
 Clap after clap, till spent its raging force,
 Then rumbling onward, lessens in its course ;
 At length bright *Sol* again his beams display,
 Heav'n's face grows clear, and ev'ry thing looks gay.

Supinely plac'd beneath the quiv'ring shade,
 Where cooling vapours breathe along the mead,
 The patient fisher takes his silent stand,
 Intent, his angle trembles in his hand ;
 With looks unmov'd, he hopes the scaly fry,
 And marks the dancing cork with steady eye.

'Tis here at liberty the happy swain
 Or breathes his vows, or speaks his tender pain ;
 'Tis here the modest nymph his flame approves,
 Throws off restraint, and blushing owns, she loves :
 Their honest hearts no false intentions know,
 With generous warmth their faithful bosoms glow.
 True love they taste, as innocence they prize,
 And scorn deceit, as void of all disguise.
 Far different views the courtier's breast inspire,
 Deluded by ambition's restless fire ;
 No joys he feels, which scenes like these bestow,
 Nor tastes the purest pleasures felt below.

A U T U M N.

14







A U T U M N.

NO more the glories of the blooming spring,
 No more of *Summer's* gaudy pride I sing;
 But richer stores describe in alter'd lays,
 As milder *Autumn's* various scenes I trace.
 The yellow harvest now o'erspreads the ground,
 Of different sorts, by bounteous *Ceres* crown'd;
 With joy the farmer views his fields, afar,
 And calls his soldiers to the sylvan war.
 Soon as the morning trembles o'er the sky,
 And nights dim curtains down to westward fly,
 Before the ripen'd field, in fair array,
 Eager to prove the labour of the day,
 The reapers stand; first view with careful eyes
 The corn; to see which way th' advantage lies:
 The ablest man then claims the foremost place,
 Lord of the band, begins the sportive race.

Now all proceed, and swell the lusty sheaves,
 Eager at first, each breast for victor heaves;
 With rapid pace their crooked weapons move,
 Strain ev'ry nerve as stroke for stroke they give:
 With rural tales the hours unheaded fly,
 Till all the slaughter'd fields in ruin lie.
 The master joyful strides across the plains,
 Shocks up the bulky sheaves, and hopes his gains;
 With conscious glance oft casts his eyes around,
 Where prattling gleaners spread the stubble-ground:
 Then waits intent, till chearful from afar,
 His whistling swains appear and rattling car;

The fight of which adds pleasure to his joys ;
And, then for loading each his strength employs.

The humble barn is now with plenty stow'd,
And joyful home they bear the latest load.
The harvest in, and every thing compleat,
The master bids them to the annual treat ;
Where decent plenty crowns the jovial board
With the best food the village doth afford ;
Their cares to lessen, and their minds to chear,
The foaming goblet flows with humming beer :
Then hearty laughs and rural jests go round,
Their toils forgot, with joy their labour crown'd.

Now milder *August* *Julius'* heat succeeds,
And in the new-shorn fields the partridge feeds ;
The vig'rous swains the thickest Woods beset,
Wind the shrill horn, or spread the waving net.
Before his lord the ready spaniel bounds,
Panting with hope, he tries the furrow'd grounds ;
And when the tainted gales the game betray,
Couch'd close he lies, and meditates the prey ;
'Till hov'ring o'er 'em, far extended lies
The swelling net, they seize the dainty prize.
Or if by chance they from the covert spring,
And mount exulting on triumphant wing,
Short is their joy ; they feel the fiery wound,
Flutt'ring in blood, they panting beat the ground.
O barb'rous sport ! with more delight, my muse
Alive and well each happy native views.

Hence, quickly bear me to yon hazel-glade,
Where curling wood-bines weave a knotty shade,
Where winding brooks pour down the steepy dale,
And pass in rapid force from vale to vale ;
Thither, in haste, ye happy nymphs, repair,
The fruitful wood-lands now invite you there ;
Where, 'midst the shade, your lover plucks for you,
The clust'ring store from off the top-most bough,

Or

Or shakes them ripen'd from the yielding hulls,
Brown as your hair the glossy shower falls ;
Then on the bank supinely plac'd you sit,
And share the scaly fruit with pleasing chat.

Now from the court, where royal *Jove* abides,
The delegated *Season* gently glides,
Sublimely plac'd in *Bacchus'* golden car,
Whose costly gems conspicuous shine afar ;
His twining ivy crowns her radiant head,
And clust'ring grapes around her temples spread ;
Whose mantling stores the iv'ry brim o'erflow,
And plenty fills her wealthy lap below ;
With blushing fruits of most delicious taste,
By sun-beams kiss'd, the laden boughs are grac'd :
Here juicy grapes on twisting branches crawl,
There downy peaches glow against the wall ;
The bloomy plumb assumes a purple hue,
And ruddy nect'rins tempt the trav'ler's view.
The dainty feast the greedy peasant eyes,
And 'gainst the wall th' assisting ladder plies ;
The luscious fruit from off the branch he crops,
While some too ripe, for want of picking, drops.

Happy the swain who lives a rural life,
In humble cott, secure from noise and strife,
Far from the tumults of the jarring town,
Where ceaseless clamours ev'ry pleasure drown.
Whose fields with bread, whose flocks at once afford
Sufficient plenty for his back and board.
He lives above the angry frowns of fate,
Beneath the cares that tend upon the great ;
No guilty love annoys his peaceful breast,
Nor thoughts of lawless gain disturbs his rest ;
Lays down in quiet, does as peaceful rise,
And pays to heav'n his early sacrifice.

W I N T E R.



W I N T E R.

NOW Winter comes, prone o'er the barren plains,
 Sullen and sad, with all his shiv'ring trains ;
 From northern climes cogenial horrors rise,
 Thick clouds and vapours shroud the gloomy skies :
 All nature shrinks beneath th' oppressive weight,
 And distant *Phæbus* yields no chearing heat.
 The fields and meads, which late appear'd so green,
 Are now become one sad unpleasing scene ;
 Roots, plants, and herbs, have their true virtue lost,
 And leafless Trees are tipp'd with silver frost.
 The groves are still, the feather'd warbling throngs,
 Benumb'd with cold, neglect their tuneful songs.
 With icy chains each lake and river's bound,
 And crystal fountains cease their bubbling sound.
 The hills and vales, and the delightful woods,
 The flowry plains, and silver-streaming floods,
 By snow disguis'd, in bright confusion lie,
 And with one dazzling waste fatigue the eye.
 For many a league the bright enamell'd main
 Displays itself into a glassy plain ;
 Here vent'rous youths o'er frozen billows throng,
 And there the nimble scaters wave along ;
 Swift on the polish'd steel they smoothly glide,
 Less swift the gally cuts the foaming tide.

Now piercing winds and rattling storms of hail,
 Blown furious on, in driving sheets assail,
 Swift o'er the plains pursue their cruel race,
 And deeply wound the tugging traveller's face.

In





In flutt'ring clouds the feather'd meteor flies,
 With sallies gentle from the thicken'd skies;
 Her fleecy limb the silver'd garments press,
 And tatter'd garbs appear a splendid dress.

So have I seen, in a clear winter-night,
 With glowing fires, the sky serene and bright;
 While the broad moon her fainter beams display,
 Silver'd the gentle *Thames* with trembling ray;
 When sudden a keen eastern breeze arose,
 And the clear rolling stream, unsullied, froze.
 Soon as the silent shades of night withdrew,
 The ruddy morn disclos'd at once to view,
 The fall of nature in a rich disguise,
 And brighten'd ev'ry object to my eyes :
 For ev'ry shrub, and ev'ry blade of grass,
 And ev'ry pointed thorn, seem'd wrought in glass.
 In pearls and rubies rich the hawthorns show,
 While thro' the ice the crimson berries glow.
 The thick sprung reeds the flabby marshes yield
 Seem polish'd lances in a hostile field.
 The stag in limpid currents with surprise,
 Sees chrystal branches on his forehead rise.
 The spreading oak, the beach, and tow'ring pine,
 Glaz'd over, in the freezing æther shine.
 The frightened birds the ratling branches shun,
 That wave and glisten in the distant sun.
 When if a sudden gust of wind arise,
 The brittle forest into atoms flies :
 A spangled shower from every tree descends,
 And the bright scene in costly ruin ends.
 Or if a southern gale the region warm,
 And by degrees unbinds the wint'ry charm,
 The trav'ler then a miry country sees,
 And journeys sad beneath the dropping trees.
 Now moist *Arcturus* clouds the azure sky,
 And woods, and fields, their pleasing toils deny :

To plains, with well-breath'd bugles, we repair,
 And trace the mazes of the timorous hare.
 Beasts, urg'd by us, their fellow-beasts pursue,
 And learn of man each other to undo.

With slaught'ring gun th' unwear'd fowler roves,
 Where frosts have whiten'd all the naked groves ;
 There doves in flocks the leafless trees o'ershade,
 And lonely woodcocks haunt the watry glade ;
 He lifts the tube, and levels with his eye,
 A short-liv'd thunder breaks the frozen sky ;
 The flutt'ring mark soon feels the leaden death,
 Welt'ring in blood, resign their feeble breath.

Now from the slaughter'd fields the swains return,
 To well-spread hearths where glowing billets burn ;
 Each jocund friend, the converse to refine
 With social jest, puts round the sparkling wine,
 Due mirth t' infuse in every generous soul,
 And crown the glass, and fill the flowing bowl.
 The rigid season now they quite forget,
 Recount their toils, and warm'd with generous heat,
 Unheeded hear the ruffling storm aloof,
 Pour down impiteous o'er the humble roof.

Now have I trac'd the fleeting seasons round,
 Gay, flow'ry *spring*, hot *summer* richly crown'd ;
 Declining *autumn*, deck'd with fading green,
 And hoary *winter* shuts the closing scene.

Deluded man, from hence your end descry,
 As round and round the varying seasons fly.
 That moving pow'r, which first produc'd the whole,
 To every thing has fix'd a certain goal :
 Thither all tend, and must their circles run,
 For such the order, when the whole begun :
 Like leaves, the verdure of the summer-sun.

20







THE
SHEPHERD'S DAY:
IN FOUR
PASTORAL DIALOGUES.

FIRST DIALOGUE.

COLLY *and* MENELLO.

JUST o'er the eastern hills the blushing morn
Had spread her wings, and chas'd away the
Dawn;

The wakeful Lark, from dewy meadows sprung,
Pois'd in mid-air, his joy'ous mattins sung.
Two youthful swains in friendship firmly join'd,
Beneath the shadow of a beech reclin'd;
Whose spreading boughs a grateful Arbour made,
'Gainst piercing sun-beams that around 'em play'd:
A proper place the muses to invoke,
When to his Part'ner thus MENELLO spoke:

MENELLO.

Why sit we mute and pensive on the ground,
Each Landskip's gay with spangled beauty crown'd;
Our flocks and herds on luscious herbage feed,
And gaudy Flow'rs o'erspread the verdant mead:
See yellow Cowslips rear their sprightly Heads,
And Vi'lets glitter on their leafy beds;

D

Me-

Melodious birds salute the welcome Spring,
All nature smiles, shall not the Shepherds sing?

COLLY.

My voice is weak, you know, and yesterday
Some pilf'ring vagrant stole my flute away :
Begin you first, dear swain, your pipe is clear,
And I'll thy song with due attention hear.

MENELLO.

Oh! COLLY, cease, no more reject my choice,
Or plead thy stolen flute, or feeble voice ;
Let other youths stake wagers on their strains ;
True love alone shall recompence our pains.

COLLY.

Then sing by turns, we'll both alternate hear,
You bright *Letitia*, I of *Sylvia* fair ;
And *Dobinal*, if you approve the swain,
The featest lout of all the neighb'ring plain
For piping well, well skill'd in sonnet-verse,
Let him be judge, while we our songs rehearse.

MENELLO.

Agreed, kind swain, thy choice I well approve,
Then I'll begin, inspir'd by her I love.
The warbling birds their artless songs repeat,
The smiling trees are cloath'd with blossoms sweet,
The fields with grass, the banks with cowslips gay,
And Hawthorns whiten at th' approach of *May*.
But what are those with *Letty* to compare ?
More sweet than cowslips, than the hawthorn fair ;
Their gaudy pride but for a *Summer* lasts :
Soon as fierce *Winter* drives his northern blasts
Their Verdure's gone, their beauties all decay ;
But with *Letitia* 'tis for ever *May*.

COLLY.

COLLY.

My giddy heifers frisk it o'er the ground,
 My skipping goats o'er craggy Hillocks bound,
 My snowy lambs at wanton gambols play,
 And chirping sparrows hop from spray to spray.
 But what are those with *Silvia* to compare,
Silvia, when dancing at a country-fair?
 Not sparrows, lambkins, goats, or heifers bound,
 With half that lightness *Silvia's* feet go round.
 Those for a season brisk and gay appear,
 But my fair *Silvia's* sprightly all the year.

MENELLO.

Not scorching sun-beams to the farmer's eye,
 When grass new-mown is scatter'd round to dry;
 Nor crystal streams to trav'lers faint with heat,
 Yield half such pleasures as *Letitia* sweet.

COLLY.

Not *April* showers to the thirsty ground,
 Nor a fledg'd birds-nest by the school-boy found,
 Nor holidays to youth more pleasing are,
 Than to my sight the charming *Silvia* fair.

MENELLO.

The ruddy nect'rin, and the downy peach,
 Oft grace the plenteous tables of the rich;
 But my *Letitia* the green wilding loves,
 Its acid juice before the peach approves.
 Since she loves wildings, peaches I'll dispraise,
 And for *Letitia* rows of wildings raise.

COLLY.

Without strong ale, or rich canary-wine,
 Our dainty landlord never cares to dine;

But my fair *Silvia* loves the native juice,
Which pippins bruise'd, with water mixt, produce :
Since she loves cyder, I'll despise their wine,
And drink with *Silvia* Cyder when we dine.

M E N E L L O.

Two turtle doves I caught in yonder shade,
Which I a present to *Letitia* made :
She took the Off'ring, and my pleasing toil
Amplly rewarded with a grateful smile.

C O L L Y.

'Twas yesterday, in yonder winding meads,
Where nature her exuberant beauty spreads,
With sweetest flowers I a garland wrought,
And to fair *Silvia* as a present brought :
With gentle hand she took the gaudy store,
And gave a pleasing smile, I sought no more.

D O B I N A L to M E N E L L O.

May thy *Letitia*, from each cooing dove,
Learn what true pleasure flows from constant love :
Constant and chaste as these may she remain,
And ever smiling, bless her faithful swain.

To C O L L Y.

And may thy *Silvia* (though her garland fades,
Which late you gather'd in yon fragrant meads)
For ever bloom, still kind and constant prove,
To bless thy days with joy and lasting love.



SECOND DIALOGUE.

The LOITERERS.

THE Sun now mounting to the noon of day,
 Shot o'er the verdant plains his scorching ray,
 When with their flocks the shepherds sought the
 shade

Where spreading oaks a friendly arbour made :
 There, while they sat to pass the loit'ring time,
 As fancy led, each form'd his tale in rhyme.
 Some tell the joys, and some the pains of love,
 And some the cause why spirits walk, would prove ;
 How Will-i'-th'-wisp misleads night-faring clowns,
 O'er hills and dales, and pathless boggy grounds :
 Last *Buskin* speaks, none *Buskin* can excel
 In artful guise, he thus began the rural tale—

BUSKIN.

When shepherds flourish'd in *Eliza*'s reign,
 In great esteem there liv'd a jolly swain,
 Young *Tollonet*, who well could pipe and sing,
 And by his notes invite the lagging spring ;
 Whene'er he play'd the swains around him throng,
 And birds attentive flock'd to hear his song.
 Plac'd on a bank where *Thames*' clear waters stray,
 Retir'd from noise, he pour'd th' enchanting lay.
 Perch'd on a tree, within a neighb'ring grove,
 Sweet *Philomela* warbled out her love ;

Struck

Struck with unusual notes, she quits her shed,
 And in a moment perches o'er his head :
 She tun'd her note, and emulate with pride,
 Like eccho, to the shepherd's pipe reply'd.
 This odd vagary pleas'd th' admiring swain,
 Who meant to try her with his varying strain.
 From hole to hole his nimble fingers fly,
 To ev'ry touch the ready notes comply ;
 As nimbly she resolves the vary'd song,
 In evolutions from her warbling tongue :
 To all his vary'd strains she shapes her throat,
 And adds peculiar grace to ev'ry note.
 He draws his breath, his rising blast to fill ;
 Thro' all the Grove his pipe was heard to thrill.
 Deep in her throat the length'ning sounds arise,
 And swift and slow they change with sweet surpriz e.

The wond'ring swain in deep attention fix'd,
 Both by his rival and himself perplex'd,
 Admires the harmony, and where it flows,
 From whence such numerous modulation rose.
 In loftier flights again attempts to rise,
 And bolder now, the warbling flute he plies ;
 From key to key the bounding ecchoes fly,
 And in innumerable raptures load the sky ;
 Takes a vast scope, and fills the spacious round,
 And proudly triumphs in unequal sound.
 She, who already wonders had perform'd,
 Her glowing breast still with ambition warm'd,
 Makes a last effort all her strength to try,
 Intent to conquer, or resolv'd to die ;
 In vain the combat she again renews,
 In vain the complicated Song pursues ;
 Puzzled and lost in labyrinths of sound,
 As in a whirl of rapt'rous music drown'd :

Unequal to the mighty task, she fails,
 Tho' great her courage, *Collin's* pipe prevails;
 Reluctant yields a triumph hardly won,
 And gives one deep melodious dying groan:
 Drops from the bough, resigns her fleeting breath,
 And by her *vigor* gains a glorious death.

Thus ended *Collin*, while the glowing sun
 Had scarce two thirds his radiant circuit run.



THIRD DIALOGUE.

The DITTY.

HOBBIN and CUDDY.

TWO swains beneath the covert of a rock,
 While o'er their Heads securely graz'd their
 flock,

In homely strains resolv'd their voice to raise,
 And sing alternate in sonorous lays.

HOBBIN.

I love in secret an endearing maid,
 And have my love in secret all repaid;
 This coming night she does reserve for me,
 Divine the name, and thou the victor be.

CUDDY.

Mild as the lamb, and harmless as the dove,
 True as the turtle is the maid I love;
 How we in secret court I shall not say,
 Divine her name, and I give up the day.

HOBBIN.

H O B B I N.

Soft, on a violet-bank, my love and I
Together sat, a Brook ran murm'ring by ;
A thousand tender things to me she said,
And I a thousand tender things repaid.

C U D D Y.

In summer-shade, beneath the cocking hay,
What soft endearing words did she not say ?
With apron blue her lap she kindly spread,
And stroak'd my cheeks, and lull'd my leaning head.

H O B B I N.

Breath soft, ye winds, ye waters gently flow ;
Shield her, ye Trees, ye flow'rs around her grow ;
Ye swains, I beg you, pass in silence by ;
My love in yonder vale asleep does lie.

C U D D Y.

Once *Delia* slept, on easy moss reclin'd,
Her lovely limbs half bare, and rude the wind ;
I smooth'd her coats, and stole a silent kiss :
Condemn me, Shepherd, if I did amiss.

H O B B I N.

As *Marian* bath'd, by chance I passed by ;
She blush'd, and at me cast a side-long eye :
Then swift beneath the crystal wave she try'd
Her beauteous form, but all in vain, to hide.

C U D D Y.

As I to cool me bath'd one sultry day,
Behind the hedge fond *Lydia* lurking lay ;
The wanton laugh'd, and seem'd in haste to fly,
Yet often stopp'd, and often turn'd her eye.

H O B B I N.

H O B B I N.

When first I saw, would I had never seen,
Young *Lysen* lead the dance on yonder green,
Intent upon her beauty, as she mov'd,
Poor heedless Wretch, at unawares I lov'd.

C U D D Y.

When *Lucy* decks with flow'rs her swelling breast,
And on her elbow leans, dissembling rest;
Unable to refrain my giddy mind,
Nor, sheep nor pasture worth my care I find.

H O B B I N.

Come *Rosalinda*, come! for without thee
What pleasure can the country have for me?
Come *Rosalinda*, come! my brinded kine,
My snowy lambs, my farm and all is thine.

C U D D Y.

Come *Rosalind*, beneath these shady bowers,
Here are cool fountains, and sweet springing flowers:
Come lovely maid, here ever let us stay,
And sweetly waste our live-long time away.

H O B B I N.

O that like *Colin* I had skill in rhimes,
To purchase credit with succeeding times!
Then I like him who never yet had peer,
Would sing through all the seasons of the year.



FOURTH DIALOGUE.

COLLY and DAMON.

AS *Damon*, happiest of the *Sylvan* train,
 Led forth his flock along the smiling plain,
 Upon a bank where beachen boughs display
 Their friendly shade, despairing *Colly* lay :
 His crook and pipe flung careless on the ground,
 His bleating flocks were scattered all around ;
 As tho' in pity to his sad despair
 The clouds mov'd heavy thro' the ambient air :
 A sudden gloom was o'er the welkin spread,
 And blushing *Phæbus* veil'd his radiant Head ;
 The birds sat silent on each blooming spray,
 While wanton Zephyrs bore his sighs away.

Damon with gentle steps approach'd the tree,
 In deep surprize this sudden change to see ;
 With pity mov'd, he view'd his heaving breast,
 And to the swain these soothing words express'd :

DAMON.

What change is this, alas ! dear Shepherd say,
 O'erclouds thy face, which late appear'd so gay ?
 What woful cause disturbs thy throbbing breast ?
 Thou best companion, and of friends the best :
 Say, has some greedy fox devour'd thy lambs ?
 Or some fierce mastiff kill'd their fleecy dams ?
 Or is the fair, the charming *Silvia* dead ?
 Oh ! what's the cause so many tears you shed.

He

He rais'd his head with a dejected look,
And sighing, thus the mournful shepherd spoke:

COLLY.

Right hast thou nam'd, nor needest longer pause,
Thy last spoke words contain the fatal cause;
Silvia, of all the plain the fairest she,
Alas! she's dead, for ever dead to me;
While absence drew me from her longing arms,
She to another swain resign'd her charms.

DAMON.

Come rise, dear shepherd, cease thy mournful strains,
See gath'ring clouds forebode ensuing rains:
Hark, from afar, yon sooty raven's cry
Betokens rain, our flocks for shelter fly.
Let us from hence to closer shades retreat,
And when 'tis fair, th' unfinish'd tale repeat.

Scarce had he spoke e'er the descending Rain,
With rapid fury, smok'd along the plain;
Down each descent increasing Torrents flow'd,
And empty bubbles o'er its surface rode.
The clouds disperse, soft *Zephyrs* glide along,
And joyous birds renew the warbling song;
The shelter'd swains from dropping trees return,
And *Colly* thus rehears'd his piteous moan:

COLLY.

As down the lane this morn I cast an eye,
Across the path a hare came skipping by;
This scarce was past, when with ill-boding croak,
A sooty crow sat perch'd on yonder oak;
Such idle omens I but little mind,
Much less I thought of *Silvia* b'ing unkind.

DAMON.

DAMON.

Ah ! silly youth ! since she rejects thy flame,
Scorn the proud scorner, and forget the name.

COLLY.

I can't forget, when *Silvia* once was kind,
What pleasing fancies revell'd in my mind ;
While on the plain I watch'd my fleecy care,
And tun'd my flute with sweet melodious air,
My grazing sheep would list'ning round me throng,
And warbling linnets imitate the song :
All nature smil'd, the fields look'd fresh and gay,
And *Silvia* too then smil'd as well as they.

DAMON.

Ah ! silly shepherd ? what avails those charms,
Now circled in another lubber's arms.

COLLY.

Those are the comforts lately I possess'd,
When I with *Silvia*'s constantly was blest'd :
But since she's false, those charms I late approv'd
Shall be as hateful now, as once belov'd.

But see, dear shepherd, yonder ruddy skies,
Damp vapours fall, unwholsome fogs arise ;
Back to their fold our bleating flock retreats,
And *Philomel* alone her song repeats :
Each silent bird enjoys her humble nest,
And golden *Phæbus* gently sinks to rest.

Let us retire : Farewel, ye flow'ry plains ;
Farewel, ye nymphs ; farewel, ye shepherd swains ;
Farewel, ye flocks, false *Silvia* too adieu ;
Since thou'rt inconstant, why should I be true ?



The YOUTH RECLAIM'D; or
Nine o'Clock : A P O E M.

Ah envious hour ! unpleasant to my ear,
 Thou fatal messenger of anxious fear,
 Wilt thou to tease me thus still persevere?
 Say what's my fault, what have I done to thee,
 To merit thy perpetual enmity?
 Where'er I go, in pleasure to beguile
 Corroding cares, and ease my daily toil,
 With evening mirth ; before I'm well begun,
 Thou bring'st thy dreaded summons to have done.
 Ungrateful hour ! ah whither shall I fly !
 Whither retire, to loose thy company ?
 Where'er I go, yet thou art always nigh.
 Thou, like a restless ghost my steps dost trace,
 And haunt'st me every night, from place to place:
 Cease, cease thy knell, thy hasty wheels restrain,
 Why should'st thou take delight in others pain ?-
 But hark--- even while I pray thee to forbear,
 Thy awful clang comes thund'ring in mine ear ;
 Then since 'tis so, I'll try what force can do ;
 Force makes the stubborn knee to yield and bow,
 Force bends the headstrong bullock to the yoke,
 And 'tis by force the mettled steed is broke ;
 Force keepeth savages in dens confin'd,
 Who else (like thee) would triumph o'er mankind ;
 Force therefore shall thy spiteful course controul,
 And stop thy noise so odious to my soul.

Thus then I come, rash tyrant, unto thee,
 To force thee hence, as thou hast done by me ;
 Quickly depart, I do conjure thee — fly —
 Be gone for ever from my company,
 Hated intruder ! — nay, I'll stop thy course,
 With bolts and bars, and keep thee out by force,

No open chink or cranny shall be found,
 To give a passage to thy dismal sound ;
 And when thou seek'st admittance, with disdain,
 And scornful words, I'll send thee back again,
 Saying, ' get the gone thou that delight'st to bear }
 Unwelcome news, go learn to prate elsewhere
 Thy heavy tale, for thou'rt excluded here.' }
 If this suffice not, farther still I'll go,
 And give thy great machine it's fatal blow ;
 Thy nimble-paced wheels I will confound,
 And bring thy lofty fabrick to the ground ;
 Thy cruel hand that gives the fatal stroke,
 And it's malignant bell shall both be broke,
 Rather than that my youthful joys shall be
 Thus limited, restrain'd, and curb'd by thee,
 Hard-hearted wretch !--but hark--what do I hear !
 It's voice again strikes my astonisht ear.

Alas my weak resistance how it spurns !
 Derides my threats, and still again returns,
 Regardless of reproof ; breaking it's way
 In spite of force, and still will have the sway.
 What then is to be done ? shall I submit,
 And thus resign the conquest unto it ?
 Shall I throw up my arms, and basely bow ?--
 No, I will try what subtle art can do ;
 Art has a secret power to prevail
 Over mens minds, when brutal force doth fail.
 Thus he, who did the *Hydra's* fury quell,
 And dragg'd the monster *Cerberus* from hell,
 Whose mighty strength no mortal force cou'd tame
 By art expired in the fatal flame.
Ulysses's art the champion's arms did gain,
 Whilst all the force of *Ajax* proved vain.
 E'en famous *Troy* by art was sack'd also,
 While force in vain, long sought it's overthrow. }
 And what is there, that cunning art can't do ? }

This

This therefore lastly shall my claim defend,
 And crown the contest with a glorious end.
 Then hear me, gentle hour, oh hear me speak
 My second thoughts, for hasty, rash and weak
 My first conceptions are, until by thee
 They're ripen'd into full maturity,
 Fit to be heard, alas thou dost disdain,
 Not knowing me, for else thou wouldst refrain
 To wound a friend, then view me well, and know
 Who 'tis that sues to thee ; I am no foe,
 No drowsy sot, whose sole delight's his glass,
 Regardless how thy precious minutes pass
 In vain and unimprov'd : Neither am I
 A sordid wretch, to sensuality
 And pleasures given, whom no moments please,
 But those in venery, and slothful ease,
 Ignobly spent : Nor do I waste the day,
 Like beaus, in dressing for the park and play ;
 Who love their own dear selves too well to spare
 Thee (whom they know not how to use) a share
 In their affections. None of those am I,
 That thus abuse, or vainly let thee fly ;
 Whom I so love, whom I so much esteem,
 That every moment of my time I deem
 A monument of mercy, and I do
 Far nobler ends and purposes pursue ;
 By thee I study to enrich the mind,
 To exalt the soul, and make it more refin'd
 By contemplation ; as the farmer's found
 With care to till and cultivate his ground.
 Such use I make of thee, and oft withal,
 The bounteous gift of heaven thee I call.
 Offspring of gods ! most valuable gem.
 Beyond the worth of gold or diadem.
 The blest procurer of all future bliss,
 To wretched men the source of happiness ;
 The best revealer, and instructor wise,
 That bring'st to light all dark obscurities,

And

And teachest knowledge, thou the balmy sweet,
 That dost our wishes and desires compleat.
 Thus oft I greet thee, and what time I do
 My harmless pastimes and delights pursue,
 Is but when tired with embracing thee,
 That I may fitter for thy service be,
 When I'm refresh'd ; this is my whole design,
 O then let this short space be call'd mine,
 To spend at will. But wherefore thus do I
 Intreat for what tyrants would not deny,
 Their servile slaves ; then far be it from thee,
 The choicest, best of Heaven's progeny !
 That thou shouldst thus my blooming years annoy
 By robbing me of every youthful joy
 Which tyrants grant ; then don't, ah don't return
 For my respect, thy utmost wrath and scorn.
 But if thou needs must strike, thy sound convey
 To those, who've long lamented thy delay :
 Are there not many bound in fetters strong,
 That in their anguish have invoc'd thee long
 To end their woes, saying, come and set us free,
 Come wished hour, and end our misery :
 Release thou them, whose sorrows are so great,
 And grant my youthful joys a longer date.
 Yet hark ! methinks again I hear it's knell,
 And lo the watchman, with his doleful yell
 Proclaims it true, what wilt thou nothing hear ;
 Will no persuasions move thee to forbear.
 Ah no ! alas both force and art it mocks,
 As fixt as fate, or unrelenting rocks.
 Then thus I will the controversy end,
 I'll shun late hours, which unto ruin tend ;
 And e'ery night when thy kind warning's come,
 I'll end my pastimes. and betake me home :
 And hence I'll to thy good advice attend,
 Ever esteeming thee my dearest friend,
 Which keeps me from those hidden rocks, whereon
 Thousands unwary youths have been undone.